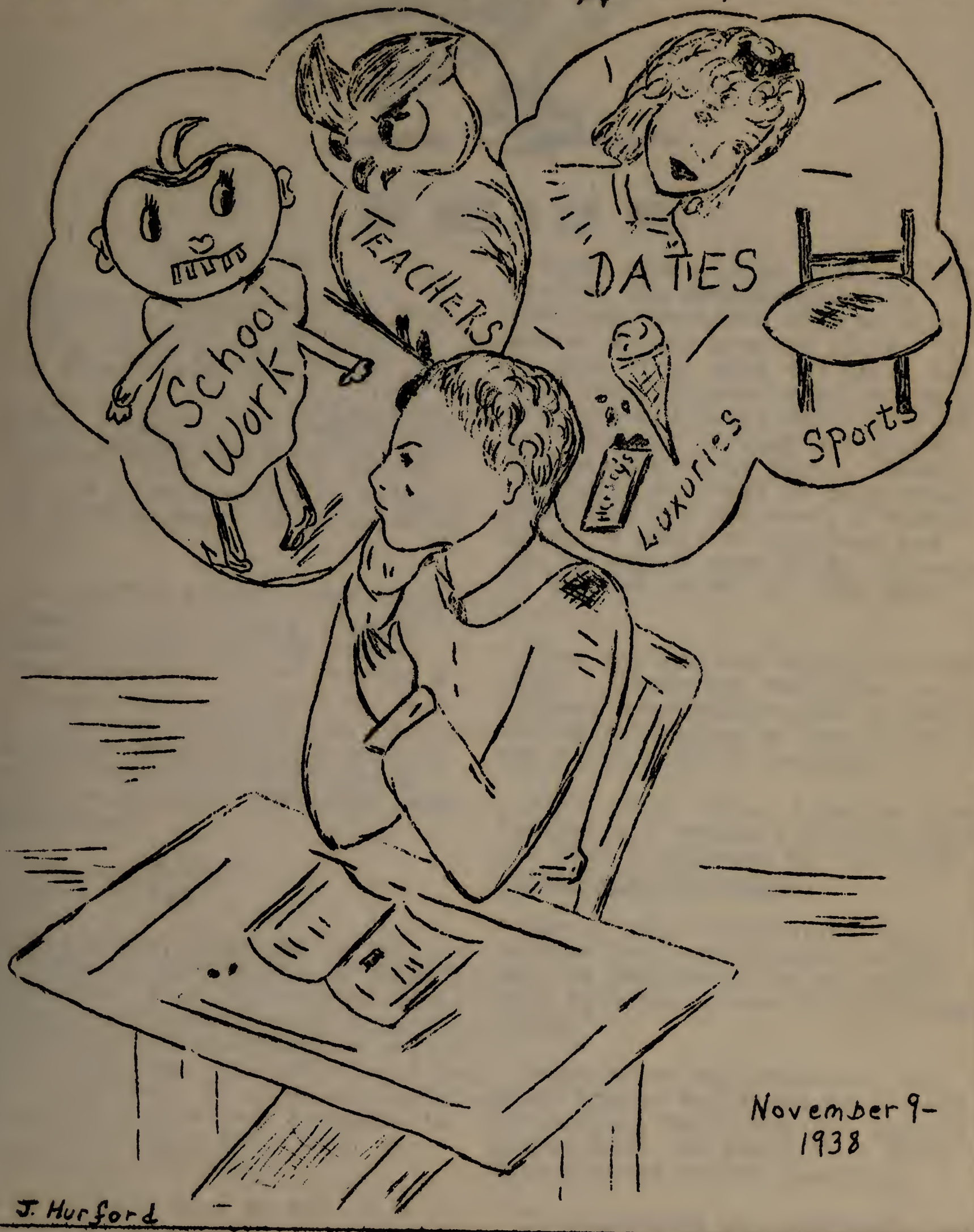
Lawrence High-Lites



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THE SPOT ON THE WALL

Chapter One

Ego Cross relaxed meditatively in his old brown Morris chair, blowing smoke rings into the hazy blue strata that filled his study. He was toying wit. . Riemann-Christoffel tensor in its relationship to the new Hautze quantitative hypercalculus, while he waited for his valet, Jotts, to bring in the evening paper and a snort of S & G.

He started suddenly and flung himself to the floor; a small pistol quivered in his hand--there appeared in the doorway a stranger who apparantly had ented the house unannounced. Cross's turbulent apprehensions quieted as he noted his visitor was a small weakly man whose left shoe was untied.

"Mr. Ego Cross?"
"That is I."

"Mr. Cross, allow me to introduce myself and explain my unsocial entrance. I am Doctor Ivan Blont, perhaps you have read my treatises I have always admired your brilliant work, and read much about you, so I came here as soon as possible today to engage your services in one of the most diabolical mysteries in history!"

Ego leaned back in his chair engrossed and, looking straight at Blont, crossed his eyes slowly three times.

"Last night being Friday, I had invited six acquaintances to spend the week-end with my wife and me at our country house. I do most of my work out there and have recently made a quite revolutionary discovery which I wrote up yesterday morning and placed in the safe in my study. About midnight, at least an hour after every one had returned, I opened it for a whiff of Napoleon and saw my papers were gone! I rushed to the lab to see if they were . . . . "

"You had ham and eggs for breakfast. Elementary deduction -- I noticed your respiration is twelve, indicatin' excess of protein in the first meal of the day."

"Eh? Oh -- yes. I looked around the lab and couldn't find anything, but when I returned to the study -- <u>there were the papers</u>!

Now if this information has reached the wrong hands, it may well be dangerous, so you see I must find the person who had those notes."

Cross arose and walked to the great window and stood gazing out at nothing, hands clasped lightly behind him. He stood thus fully five minutes before speaking.

"I understand you perfectly, and I think this will be a very interestin' case, y'know. Let's go out now and we'll have a look around;

first though I must call my collegue, Doctor Grogeid, or I guess we can pick him up at 'Dave's' on the way out."

Here we must make a note about Doctor Grogeid. He was a truly remarkable personality, if he was plastered most of the time and absent-minded the rest. This latter was the cause of his unpopularity with pickpockets during his famous days of surgeon in New York, as he would tuck almost anything loose into his pockets. More than one snatcher passed out on the sidewalk when he confidently slipped his fingers around the doctor's wallet and came out with a handful of slimy green appendix. He acquired his present taste when he was trying to discover the effects of alcohol on the human -- and succeeded. He also had the unpleasant habit of turning into a mongrel dog at the most inconsistent and inopportune occasions.

Chapter Two

Cross's huge limousine wheeled up to the front steps of Dr. Blont's country mansion and the two stepped out and strode casually around the portals to the massive door. Inside, they walked up this way and down that until they found themselves in the living room, where the six guests and Mrs. Blont were awaiting dinner, and Dr. Blont introduced Cross as an old friend who had just dropped into the city.

Cross took careful regard of the suspects.

There was a smelly looking, mustached Count Lucituis-Boire, pretender to the third cousin of the French "king," who held a long cigarette holder between his teeth and had a bulge in his hip pocket. How he happened to be there no one seemed to know, but Blont knew he invited six and nobody else showed up.

Another unaccountable was Carter Craley, a youngish man with black hair and a large scar by the corner of his mouth, which caused an ugly line to curl around it when he smiled. Cross noticed he wore his socks at least two days as one was inside out.

The others were Doctor B. A. Handle and his wife and Doctor Roscoe Plink and his wife, all harmless individuals, none of whom had ever committed a misdemeanor worse than murder. So that shortened the list to two.

After dinner Cross examined the papers for fingerprints and although there were none he discovered on one a small irregular blood stain.

"This may prove as good as a finger-print, Blont, don't y'know. Come, let's perform a few experiments 'n' then we'll plunder the rooms a bit."

Cross stealthily crept around planting tacks in all the chairs and soon had a small (but sufficient for him) sample of everyone's blood, including his own by a slip of memory. These he excitedly tested in the laboratoey, matching each with the type of blood on the paper. Then when Dr. Blont was out he disappeared to return a half hour later with a startling announcement that again was to show Ego Cross the greatest detective the world ever produced.

(Don't fail to finish this exciting mystery in the next issue)

Here we must make a note about

BEYOND THE GATE

Part II

"What I felt in the next few minutes is hard to describe. Somehow I believed that Donald's story was true. That perhaps he had gone beyond the gate, in the inky darkness in front of me. Presently I heard a lulling sound. It droned on my senses. Perhaps I was falling asleep. At any rate, I now awoke to stark reality. The handle of the switch had been slowly slipping from my grasp. I could not understand this. I am usually very alert when the occasion so demands.

"Looking closely I saw that the mist had cleared to dark gray. As I peered into it I swear that I could vaguely make out great dilated eyes staring at me! Terancy Donald was nowhere to be seen. Now a queer sense of strange, unbearable fear welled up within me. It was not that fear which a man might have at beholding a horrible sight. I knew not from whence it came. It was maddening in its intensity.

"The eyes in the mist were now hypnotic and compelling. Now! Good Lord! They were commanding me to release the switch! Terancy had got through. But the terrible something at which I gazed was on the other side of the gate. God forgive me! I could not help it! The switch slowly slipped from my hand. As it did, a diabolical smile of utter evil appeared on the monstrous face which glared at me. For a fraction of a second I saw things and meanings in those eyes which are indescribable. I saw suffering intensified to an agonizing pitch. I saw the inhuman charnelhouse of some mad monster. I saw flaming rivers sweep aside human shapes. As I lost consciousness I heard, in the distance a painful cry of horrible agony."

****

The pair on the verandah sat quietly for several minutes. The smoke ascended in ephemeral rings from Sir John's cigar.

Then Richard spoke. "What happened when you regained consciousness?" he queried.

"The control board was ripped from its foundations. Everything that would have been of value was destroyed. I fear that Terancy Donald is beyond the pale of mortal help. He has gone "beyond the gate". There are certain things with which man must not tamper."

The cold of the evening increased. The two men rose, as if by mutual consent, and entered the house.

Lawrence Antonellis

HAUNTS AND HALLOWE'EN

It was a night for witches to be abroad. The moon shown with a pale ghostly light, and the wind moaned like a lost spirit seeking its dwelling-place.

The fence posts gleamed white through the darkness, and two glittering eyes flashed a moment through the gate and were gone. The trees swayed and shivered as with an ague from the clammy fingers of the hollow breeze.

Ghostly footsteps passed up and down the gravel driveway to the old deserted mansion in whose windows mysterious lights flashed unknown messages. Symbols of ancient tradition were these apparitions which frequented the drive; ghosts of by-gone days with large dark eyes and hollow sockets; vindictive witches with long, misshapen noses and cackling sneers; enormous black cats with fixed, meaningless grins and a shy tread; goblins with hideous countenances and loping gait; and devils with long red horns and menacing pitchforks.

As one approached the haunted house, eerie yells and wails issued from the dark passages within. A black cat slunk across the steps and gave a blood-curdling howl as an unwary ghost stepped on its tail. A bell set up an unholy clamor as one pulled a string hanging by the heavy oak door.

The door swung open with a ghostly creak--then, laughter and cries of welcome rang through the house, which instantly became a blaze of lights.

Everyone pronounced the party to be a huge success.

Roberta Jones

????????

What do you do when you see a barn----dance?

What do you do when you see a fire ----truck?

What do you do when you see a board----walk?

BOOK REVIEWS

GOLD, DIAMONDS, and ORCHIDS
William LaVarre

"Gold, Diamonds, and Orchids" takes you all the way from hunting polecats on a Virginia farm to discovering diamonds in British Guiana. Starting from Georgetown, British Guiana an expedition led by William LaVarre and his wife penetrates slowly southward into the reeking jungle. The first leg of the journey is made in stout Indian canoes propelled by Negro arms. Abundant perai (cannibal fish), snakes, and river rapids make the trip one of adventurous peril. One unfortunate black paddler loses his big toe when a hungry perai bites it off while the Negro is in the river. A large bushmaster snake, thought to have been shot dead, comes to life on the bottom of a canoe and causes some anxious moments until he is again subdued. The discovery of a dry river bed filled with many ounces of pure gold and a large number of sparkling diamonds adds spirit to the organization. Numerous stops are made at native villages where the blacks always have a night of fun. LaVarre purchases from one native tribe a large number of potato graters studded with small diamonds.

Running always as an undercurrent through the expedition is a hushed expectancy of something more than scattered gold and diamonds. In the end LaVarre discovers this something which fulfills all expectations. If this has made you curious, the book can be found in the Falmouth Public Library.

Milford Hatch

DON 'T NEGLECT YOUR STUDIES

Do you neglect your studies? Do you put off until tomorrow what can easily be accomplished today? Are you constantly complaining and muttering unpleasant things because you have to study and stay indoors a little longer each night because of your homework? If this is your case, change your ideas before it is too late and your future life is ruined!

Of course, we don't expect you to study until your back seems as though it were breaking and you are becoming ill, but why not put just a little more effort into your work? Why not try just a speck harder and try being a help to your school and parents instead of a disgrace? Don't let yourself believe that you're getting away with a lot and that it's smart to neglect your lessons. This is positively not so! You are merely depriving yourself and your own life of future success and happiness.

So by all means, brave up! Settle down to some real genuine work. Show the fellow next to you that you're not going to be looked down upon. Show him that you have a little determination and ambition and above all, remember that the person who studies just a little longer every evening, reads just a bit more than is assigned, and puts just a little more effort into his work is the person who is undoubtedly going places!

Jeannette Hurford

THIS MEANS YOU!

Stop where you are! Yes, you ask yourself this question: "Do I make an honest attempt to cooperate with my teachers and fellow schoolmates, or am I one of those fellows whose sole ambition in life seems to be to attract attention by making myself as unpleasant as possible in my classes, study periods, and in the corridors."

Now, be honest. Maybe you haven't been as agreeable as you could have been to your teachers or substitute teachers. It isn't a legal offense, there's no law against it, and you can't be put in jail for it. Whatever you do is up to you and you alone. Just the same, do you truly want to give the impression that you are an eternal crank and wise guy?

Maybe you didn't realize at the time that you were making yourself obnoxious. Maybe you had a good laugh and thought you were entertaining your schoolmates, too. But, do you think they really appreciated your little scene or, rather were they disgusted by it? I am rather inclined to believe the latter.

Making a mistake once is the privilege of everyone. But the rub comes when you continually make the same mistake, again and again. You all know how monotonous it becomes when the same sentence is repeated over and over.

Also remember that any substitute teachers recruited in a regular teacher's absence carry away with them a vivid impression of us students from the way in which we conduct ourselves during class.

It is more than likely that all this will "go in one ear and out the other," as the saying goes, but not one of us can afford to overlook the facts. If you really made an honest effort to get along with your teachers, it is more than probable that you would find them willing to cooperate with you.

To the Sophomores, to whom all the bustle and activity of L.H. S. is a new experience: Don't get off on the wrong foot.

To the juniors, who should know by now the meaning of cooperation: Mend your ways before it is too late.

To the Seniors, the "big shots" of the school: Don't get over-inflated with your own importance.

Come on, students! Wake up! Show our teachers how cooperative the students of L.H.S. can be!

Roberta Jones

NEW BOOKS--NEW WORLDS

"The world of books is the most remarkable creation of man. Nothing else that he builds ever lasts. Momuments fall, nations perish, civilization grow old and die out, and after an era of darkness, new races build others. But in the world of books are volumes that have seen this happen again and again and yet live on, still young, still fresh as the day they were written, still telling men's hearts of the hearts of men centuries dead."--Clarence Day.

The book, a lasting monument to men, is an open gate to new worlds. Through this gate we may pass from reality to idealism, from poverty to wealth, from pauperism to royalty and back again at will. Through it we gain new vistas into worlds of science, antiquity, romance, dreams, literature, and nature. Through books, we learn of the creation of the world, of the Diety; in fact, we are able to obtain a complete record of man through the ages.

This season's crop of books seems to open up new fields of promise for every type of personality. If you like the least-involved type of reading, why don't you try A. Hall and Company by Joseph C. Lincoln? Here's a story of a dealer in clams, his daughter, and an ancient feud which threatens her love affair. Or if you're air-minded, Last Flight, by Amelia Earheart, is what you're been looking for. This is written from the accounts which the aviatrix sent home at random on her last flight. The early chapters sketch the development of her solo flight across the Atlantic and Pacific. Other interesting books recently published include Enchanted Vagabonds by Dana Lamb, Horse and Buggy Doctor by Arthur Hertzler, Suwannee River by Cecile Matschat, and The Sisters by Myron Brinig.

HONOR ROLL
September and October

Senior
Lawrence Antonellis

Juniors
Dorothy Frances
Roberta Jones
George Kariotis

Sophomores
Gertrude Atkinson
Carol Barrows
Muriel Gediman
James Harding

FLAT FOOT BARN DANCE WITH A FLOY FLOY

We wended our way up the long drive; faintly, as from a cannon, came the strains of a "Flat Foot Floogee" and the beat of dancing (?) feet. This correspondent and five allies, all of whom had found it hard to purchase a ticket, arrived at the chaotic center of phonetic disturbance. The door was small, we took a deep breath, and plunged in. We started for the other side; it was a hard battle, but we did it.

Here, from a few bale-seats we took in everything. We took in the hillbillies' act; we took in the ballet dance by Barbara Scannell, the tap dance by Christine McAdams, the "Flat Foot Floogee" by Willie Johnson; we took in the grand march ("Lanky" Soule and Barbara Berg took in the two costume prizes); we took in the dust; and last but no means least we took in doughnuts and cider. Following this last came a succession of "Flat Foot Floogees", which, reaching the twentieth playing, caused us to retire from the scene, thoroughly satisfied with the first L. H. S. social event of the year.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

More than 200 took advantage of the TB clinic last week?....The Sophomore Class has elected Earl Chamberlain, President; George Mixer, Vice-President; David Cassick, Secretary; Clayton Collins, Treasurer? ....Nov. 6-12 is National Education Week: Parents are cordially invited to visit school during this week? ....National Book Week is Nov. 13 to 19. Have you caught up on your reading?....Mr. Henry Frank of the Henry Hall School has been appointed assistant football coach under Mr. Fuller? ....Mr. Baker has been appointed as counselor of guidance in the school? ....There is going to be a dental survey at a later date?....The Senior Recital is to be given on December 7? Be sure to get your tickets in advance.

FOOD SALE

The Food Sale held Saturday Nov. 5 at Issoksons for the benefit of the band uniforms cleared almost $20.

Vol. I No. 2 November 9, 1938

THE STAFF

Editor: Robert Simmons
Associate Editor: Betty Davis
Literary: Roberta Jones
News: Shirley Barrows
George Kariotis
Sports: Constance DeMello
Charlotte McKenzie
Richard Barry
Art: Jeannette Hurford
Business: John Mixer
Humor: Milford Hatch
Gossip: Stanley Burgess
Typists: Sarah Franco
Margaret Medeiros
Annetta Hubbard

OPEN LETTER TO THE SOPHOMORES

Dear Sophomores,
Don't tell me you were worrying about what marks you'd get on your report card! If you were worrying, then live and learn! There's a technique to getting good marks and I'll disclose it to you, if you promise never to breathe it to a soul.

Apples and flowers are old stuff, childish in fact. Nowadays we appeal to teachers right to the heart. For instance, a certain teacher is fond of golf or fishing, just mention the subject and --- need I say more? Do not offer candy to a young teacher; she's trying to retain her school-girl figure and doesn't wish to be tempted otherwise. Of course there is the human interest touch, "My mother knew your mother when they were childhood neighbors." I doubt if any teacher would bother to check that one up. Flattery IF subtle enough will fool the wisest and anyone who can get that "I adore you, heart and soul" look in his eyes need never worry about marks. Always create the impression of laughing with the teacher, but never at her. The teacher The teacher will be fooled, but we won't--or is it the other way 'round?

Well, I've let you in on my secret. If you succeed in "putting one over", let me know--but break the shock gently.

Your guiding hand,

Super Senior

Eleanor Irish

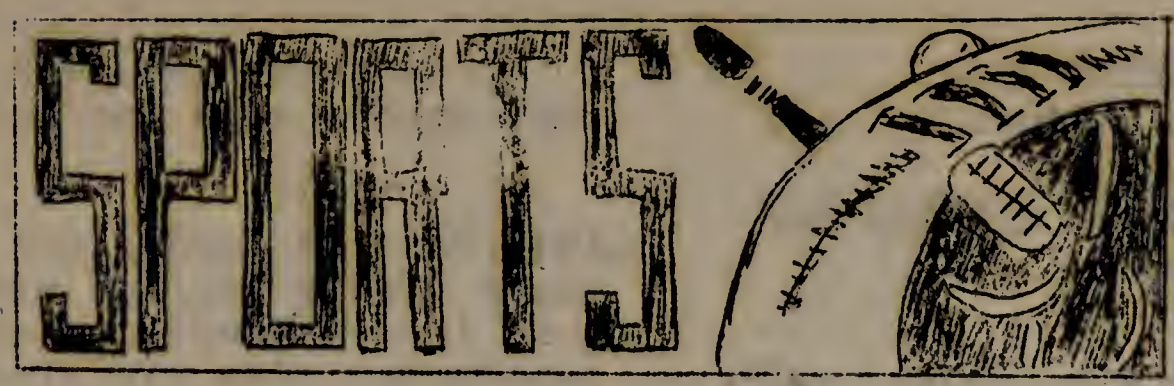
****

SENIORS VIEW THE SOPHS

The girls are a bunch of stuck-
The present sophs look like a very studious group.
They're too conceited and too wise!
Not bad in a couple of years.
Get off their high horse.
I think they are a bunch of Hypophrinic Schizoids.
Bashful, but they'll get over it.
Some hope, not too much.
Candidates for a day nursery?
They are SOPH in the head.

******

The Wah Hoo Indians, those prospectors of the "Nugget" seem to be championship bound. And we have among us here at L. H. S. a very hardy supportress of the boys in green. We don't think it is mainly "pater"'s influence either, but a bit of "amorem" for a "puerum" from the college where the "gates" are "heavenly" bound. We wonder if he'll come back again for the Cornell game.



L. H. S. 27 BOURNE 7

L. H. S., displaying their most powerful running attack of the season, crushed Bourne 27-7 on Nov. 2 at Bourne. The Demer-coached lads, who scored first and led at the end of the first quarter, showed a smooth functioning attack, but lack of replacements, forcing many of them to play the entire game, greatly hampered their game. With the blocking of the line greatly improved, and the backs displaying their consistent game, the Fullerites showed the spectators, from the second period on, that it was merely a matter of how great the score would be. While Allieta and Young were the individual stars for Bourne, the Lawrencians, functioning in perfect coordination as one unit, made this victory possible.

L. H. S. Seconds 0 Tabor Junior Varsity 0

The L. H. S. Seconds, displaying a strong defense, played a scoreless tie with the Tabor Academy Junior Varsity on Nov. 5 at the local field. The home lads came closer to the 6 point territory than did Tabor, in fact they scored once, only to have it nullified by a penalty. Early in the first period, Denny went over from the four yard line, but a pushing penalty nullified it. The two teams had previously played a 6-6 tie at Tabor.

Richard Barry

L. H. S. FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

L. H. S. - 26	Holy Family - 6
L. H. S. - 55	Nantucket - 6
L. H. S. - 0	Barnstable - 6
L. H. S. - 27	Bourne - 7
L. H. S. - ?	Wareham - ?
L. H. S. - ?	Yarmouth - ?
L. H. S. - ?	Barnstable - ?

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO GIRL'S ATHLETICS IN FALMOUTH?

"Have you a hockey team" the girls from other towns ask. "No we haven't one," is the reply, and naturally they want to know the reason for it. "We have plenty of equipment for hockey but not enough players."

What's the matter, girls? How many players do you think we need to have any kind of team? We need at least twenty-two for two teams, or about four times as many as we had out for practice.

Much the same situation existed in basketball last year. At the beginning of the season about twenty-five girls came out for practice. Everyone thought that we would have an exceptionally good team with so many more to pick from than other years, but after the first practices there were hardly enough players for two teams.

In the spring, too, only a few look forward to soft ball. Again

SPORTS

L. H. S. 27 Boone 7

L. H. S. displayed their most powerful running attack of the season, crushed Boone 27-7 on Nov. 2 at Boone. The Lower-coached team, who scored first on Ind at the end of the first quarter, showed a smooth functioning attack, but lack of replacements, leaving many of them to play the entire game, greatly hampered their game. The blocking of the line generally improved, and the backs displaying built combination game. The Illinois ground the opponent, after the second period. Boone was merely a pastime for the score would be. While Allbeto and Young were the individual stars for Boone, the Lowerchiefs, functioning in perfect coordination as one unit, made quite victory possible.

L. H. S. Seconds 0 Tabor Junior Varsity 0

The L. H. S. seconds, displaying a strong defense, played a scoreless tie with the Tabor Academy Junior Varsity on Nov. 3 at the local field. The home line came closer to the 6 point territory than Tabor, in fact they scored twice, only to have it nullified by a penalty. Early in the first period, Tabor went over from the 5 yard line, but a penalty nullified it. In the two tosses had previously played even with Tabor.

Richard Gaddy

L. H. S. 27 Boone 7

L. H. S. 7 Ind. 0 Bobcats Schedule

L. H. S. - 26 Dix Tally - 6
L. H. S. - 53 Kewanee - 6
L. H. S. - 0 Bartlett - 6
L. H. S. - 27 Athens - 7
L. H. S. - ? Decatur - ?
L. H. S. - ? Tremont - ?
L. H. S. - ? Bernadotte - ?

Which Contribute to Final Victory in Football

"Every week a hockey team" the girls from other communities "to Benoit can," is the theme, and naturally they want to make-up games for it. We have plenty of enthusiasm for hockey but not enough players.

What's the matter, girls? Are many players do you think we need to have any chance? Seventeen regular, twenty-two for the game, or about four lines of reserves, we had high for practice.

Much the same situation existed unfortunately last year. At the beginning of the season about twenty-five girls came out for practice, everyone. Of course that would have an unfortunately good team with so many more to pick from than other years, but after the first practice there were hardly enough players for two teams.

In the spring, too, only a few girls turned in work well. Both

there were the same few out to practice, but not even enough for one team.

Where is the school spirit? Girls with athletic ability should come out to represent their school in sports. There are many advantages in participating in some sport. It adds variety to school work; it brings about school spirit and is something to look forward to.

This year on Monday and Wednesday afternoons basketball practice is held immediately after school for girls wishing to take part in the interclass tournament. Anyone missing two out of the seven practices will not be allowed to participate in the games. There is a good chance of making the team, because there are only a few out to practice; so if you are interested, you had better hurry up. Come on, girls, let's show them what L. H. S. can do in basketball this year!

Connie DeMello
Charlotte McKenzie

***

JUNIORS TO SPONSOR SCAVENGER HUNT & DANCE

Friday, November 18, is the night when the Junior Class will sponsor a scavenger hunt and dance. The hunt will start from the J.H.S. auditorium at 7:30 and will end in the gym at 9:30, where prizes will be awarded to the group that returns with the required loot first.

Music will be provided for dancing by a Nickelodeon and during the intermission that new band sensation, The War Eagles will beat it out for all you jitterbugs.

The tickets for this most original affair are only 25¢. Have you yours reserved?

BOOK REVIEWS Continued

THE LAURELS ARE CUT DOWN

Archie Binns

"The Laurels Are Cut Down" tells an unusual story through the lives of plain, simple, everyday Americans.

Two brothers, George and Alfred Tucker, grew up in the Puget Sound country around 1900, when it was the frontierland of America, covered with massive forests and populated by a simple, home-loving, democratic folk. The two brothers are bound together by unstrainable ties even in love --they both fall in love with the same girl, but Alfred wins her. They come home from a prospecting trip to Alaska to enlist at the outbreak of the Great War. They experience fantastic happenings when they are sent to Vladivostok, Siberia to fight. After being unjustly forced to remain in Siberia fighting till 1920, Alfred returns home alone, having left George in a hostile Siberian grave. He finds the woman he loved changed and remarried, and himself branded as a Communist. Great forces have strangely altered the country. The Laurels are cut down--

Richard Barry

WHO'S WHO IN L. H. S?

The bustling business manager of this paper; always in a hurry and never going anywhere....The trilling troubador recruited with the influx of Sophs....School genius; 'nuf said....The "heavenly twins" ....Blond, athletic Senior who likes 'em tall and lanky....Mr. and Mrs. of Swing....Daughter of one of the town's leading druggists....Sturgeos, but not fish....Winner of the Hurricane Essay contest....She's "Winning, too....

The big pink-cheeked tackle that was taken for a ride to Bourne the nite of Nov. 21 has turned his gaze to something in the Junior class.

****

This column would like to know if Hood's Dairy is interested in H(u)ereford cows! Oh yes, and if those baronesses of the buttercup fields chew their "cud".

****

The territory of the long rangy end has been crossed by a little guy running goalward-bound without football pants on. I am referring to Dan Cupid as the rushing, roaring fullback, and I am led to understand that, as he was rushing past "Snoz", he pulled the hidden ball trick and shot "Snoz" straight through the heart with a B.B. In the search for a motive and the missing weapon, it was found out that the B.B. had been found in a berg in Woods Hole. It's murder because "Snoz" shows no sign of recovery.

****

Believe it or not! A Carter pen holds a whole Crane together.

****

Martha, Martha--so says the song and we hear that she is interested in some fellow here at L.H.S. er, I forget the name. Anyhow it's the same name as Columbia University's varsity centre. Maybe I'm wrong and it's like the Columbia captain. (Look 'em up.)

****

Do you know what the somewhat slang expression "going dotty" means? One of the fellows here at L.H.S. has been "Dotty" for a long time, but we can't cure him. We expect he'll come to a good end. Someone will probably tell me not to count my chickens before they Hatch, and maybe they're right.

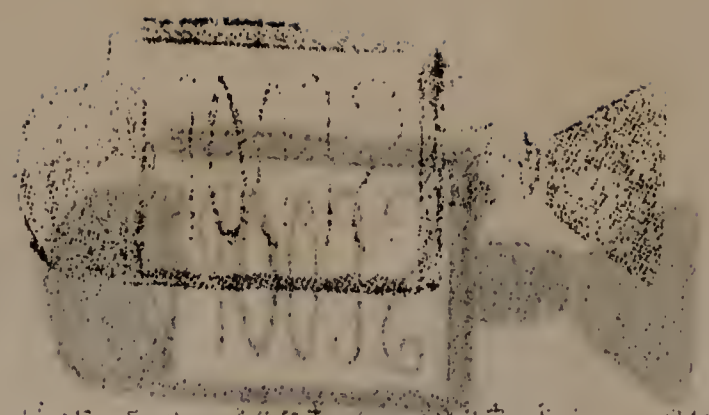
****

"Brick", the red-haired watch charm who trains on "War Eagles" and sundry other vitamin producers, says fishing is his favorite hobby. He stops right there--he doesn't tell you he is interested in Falmouth's fish merchant's daughter. (The chubby, bashful one) He won't say a thing more, but if you will look in his text books, you will find her initials tucked away in every corner.

****

We see that John L. Lewis' influence has crept into our school. Our football players did a sit-down strike a couple of Saturdays ago for apparently no rhyme or reason. No, wait, maybe they did have a reason but wanted to keep it under their hats.

****



HUMOR

Heh - heh!

The villain stroked his mustache,
  Whetted his long, sharp knife with care,
He'd got to the bottom of this, by jiggers!
  He poised it in mid-air---

He knew it was at his mercy
  He'd slice it deader than dead;
The knife came down with a slithering sound--
  And he cut that piece of bread!

****

Mr. B.: "What would you do if you struck that example in a test?"
J. M.: "I'd go to the next one!"

****

Tom: "My father was a great Western politician in his day."
Thumb: "What did he run for?"
Tom: "The border."

****

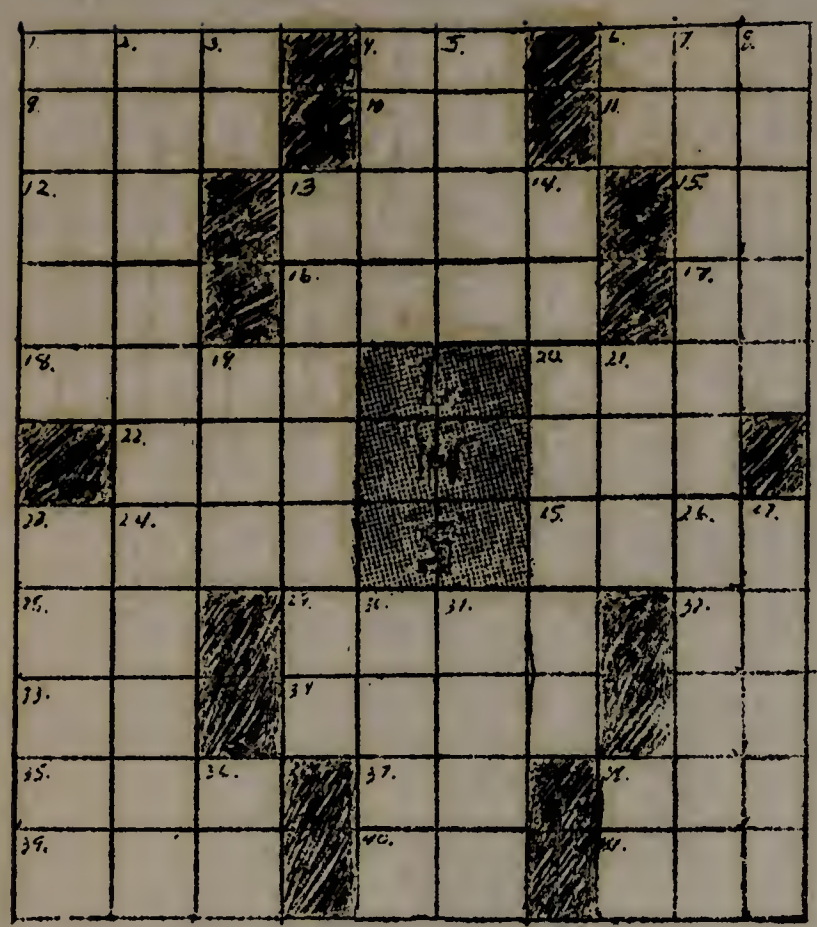
1st Dope: "Certainly I know who George Washington was! He fought in the Civil War!"
2nd Dope: "You blockhead! Washington didn't fight in the Civil War!"
1st Dope: Then he ought to be ashamed of himself!"

****

Bragger: "My ancestors came over in the Mayflower!"
Skeptic: "Yeah--in the woodwork!"

****

LAWRENCE HIGH-LITE'S PUZZLER



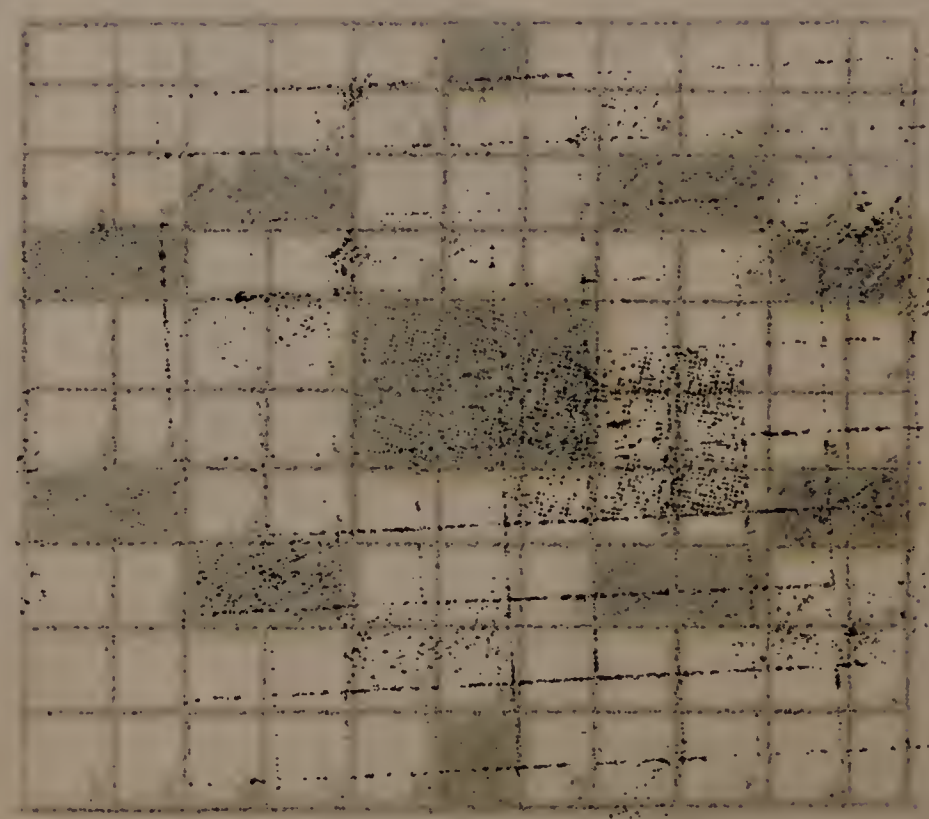
HORIZONTAL

1. A spring month
2. Name of the chief character in Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women"
6. One of our cheer leaders
9. Indefinite pronoun
10. Gert's old boyfriend's initials (Senior)
11. Period of time
13. We wonder where she acquired that strange accent?
12. A soldier of our Bourne Camp (Init.)
15. Our southern lad's initials
16. Part of a heavenly body having the appearance of a handle as the projecting part of Saturn's rings
17. French for and
18. Attend or listen to
20. A pronoun
22. What our pens contain when they are full
25. French for ended; finished
25. "Jin's" girlfriend's former nickname
28. The initials of that blonde senior who gets all the gals
29. Title
32. Mr. Perry's first name
33. Third note of the scale
34. French for large (m.)
35. French for is
37. Preposition
38. Winnie can still play one
39. H. Ryder Haggard's greatest story
40. "Binks's" initials
41. Abbreviation for syndicate

VERTICAL

1. Thirty-one days usually makes up one
2. A certain Junior with red curls
3. Olden pronoun for you
4. Was chosen as the best dressed three years ago
5. What we row a boat with
7. Our petite business instructor
8. One of our five senses
13. This new system is surely proving fatal for some of us
14. Natives of New England
19. Our cover designer of our first paper
21. Petroleum
23. Celebrity (pl.)
24. Has her eye constantly on the Enterprise editor's son
26. That tall handsome lad with the adorable accent
27. "Rex's" master
30. A native of the desert
31. French for word (pl.)
36. The newcomer to the Seniors' English classes (Init.)
38. Objective of we (pron.)

Don't Forget!
The
Scavenger Hunt
and Dance
When? Nov. 18 - Fri.
at 7:30
Where? J.H.S. Gym
There's going to
be much fun so
everyone come!!



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